

THE JOHNSON JOURNAL

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JOHNSON HIGH SCHOOL NO. ANDOVER, MASS.

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THE JOHNSON JOURNAL

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EDITORIAL



CONGRATULATIONS!

Johnson High proudly announces the arrival of a shiny, maroon, 1952 Dodge sedan. . . .

Yes, it happened. The new car arrived in excellent condition and it is hoped will remain so. This car is to be used in the newly formed drivers' training class.

The formation of such a class had been pondered and given careful consideration by the school department for a long time, but no definite action had been taken on it until Mr. Donovan consented to accept the task of educating teenagers in the art of driving.

The instruction is now given after school and is, at present, in session. Twenty classroom hours of education are required. The roadwork, which consists of a minimum of five hours behind the wheel, will begin as soon as the driving conditions improve.

Two groups are in the process of taking the course and approximately forty students are hoping to get their licenses before June.

It has been proved that the safest drivers are those that have had driver education. Johnson should be very proud to be contributing to this group. If there were a law stating that no licenses would be issued to persons unless they had attended a driver education course, we would probably have never reached the two million mark in automobile fatalities.

We all wish success to the students in this new class at Johnson.

NOTE: Girls, if your date has taken the drivers' course at dear old J. H. S., have no qualms; he will drive safely!

Betty Duncan, '52

WATCH OUT!

It seems that for quite some time now various persons have had money stolen from coats or wallets. Last year the situation was effectively remedied by a joint project of the Student Council and the Honor Society, basement duty. These organizations hoped that this year they could depend upon the honesty of the students and this plan was discontinued. However, they have now found it necessary to resume this activity.

It certainly does not reflect very well upon the character of the student body of Johnson High School when the situation becomes so serious as to necessitate such an action. It's a shame that the honor of so many should be besmirched by a few who haven't the will power to resist temptation. Therefore, I feel that it is the duty of the strong to remove the temptation which is the downfall of the weak.

Carry your wallet with you at all times or leave it with the person on duty in the basement. Vigilance preserves honesty as well as liberty.

Diana Keach, '52

EDUCATION

Have you ever paused to comtemplate the significance of the common word "Education?" In the dictionary it is defined as the "discipline of mind or character through study or instruction." These few words may not convey a great deal to you immediately, but they render some worthwhile, wholesome advice.

The education you are privileged to obtain during your lifetime will determine the brightness and position of your future standing in this world of ours, which at present is suffering many hardships and encountering various difficulties and problems.

What part will you, the American schoolboy and schoolgirl of today, play? What part do you desire to play? The present is the time to decide your future by making the most of your education.

While attending junior high and high school, most students are not aware of the fact that their education will determine their future position in the world, but consider going to school an obligation

and not a privilege. They forget entirely that, in the olden days, the majority of the people didn't have the opportunity to attend school, but had to begin working at an early age. During this period of time, students seem to go to their classes mechanically, not caring particularly about the instruction and advice they can obtain during their presence in that particular class. Their only thought is concentrated on the ringing of the bell which will allow them to leave the classroom, and the overlooking of their home assignments.

Of course this does not apply to all students. Those students who obtain a good education will most probably make up the more prosperous people of tomorrow. A person with an education has a tool in his hand driving for the goal of prosperity. Education speaks for you in obtaining a good position whether it may be on the home front or abroad. Make the most of your education now and you'll be a happy, prosperous person in the future.

Marie Mastin, '53



LITERARY

THE TRIP HOME

As a huge, gleaming plane soared onward, closer and closer to home, the aching pain in Tom Bennet's chest seemed to grow until he was unable to stand it a second longer. "Why should I feel like this? I should be happy," he thought, "not afraid to see Mom and Dad and Margie."

"You know why," an inner voice kept saying. "It's because you are different. You are not the same."

"They'll be full of pity for me," he thought, "and I don't want pity, now or ever."

Tom's thoughts were interrupted as the soldier sitting next to him asked if he had a match. Tom shook his head in

answer and turned back to stare out of the window of the plane.

His thoughts wandered back to the day he had climbed to the top of the hill where he could get a better view of the Germans, sitting there with a machine gun waiting for the American soldiers to come into view. "Not this time," he had thought. "If I have to die doing it, I'll see that you won't get any of my buddies." He had checked his wrist watch. "The squad should be a short distance down the hill coming from the other direction, which should give it barely a few minutes to spare after destroying the lousy Krauts," he had thought. His plan of action had swirled hurriedly through his mind which, after his months of expe-

rience, had become accustomed to this type of combat. He had known the chance he was taking, but still this had not changed his mind. It had to be done or many of his buddies' lives would not be worth a plugged nickel.

Slowly, inch by inch, Tom had edged forward. Beads of perspiration had dotted his grimy forehead. Then he had been so close to the Germans he could hear their low muffled tones in anxious discussion. He had felt around and, in the palm of his hand, had been a hand grenade. "This is going to be a close shave," he had thought, "but I've got to do it." He had lain there for a few seconds while the sharp tones of combat came louder and louder to his point of observation. He had suddenly realized that it had to be done now or never. He had slowly risen to a crouching position. He had raised his head a little too high, and one of the men in the machine gun nest had spotted him and yelled some quick orders to the other two enemy soldiers who instantaneously had sprung into action. He had yanked the pin out of the deadly missile, cocked his arm back, counted to three, which had seemed like an eternity to him, and, when three had sprung from his lips, his arm had swung into action and he had dived for the cover of a sheltering rock as the whine of deadly bullets had gone overhead, barely missing him by a fraction of an inch.

He had hugged the ground as tightly as he could, only wishing to himself that he had a hole, or the ability of some animals to dig a hole and crawl into it, so the bullets would not hit him. The seconds had seemed like hours when, suddenly, an explosion had rocked the ground on which he lay. Then he had no longer heard the deadly sound of the thirty caliber messenger of death, as it became silent, never to speak again.

The explosion of the grenade had sent a canopy of dirty gray smoke and debris over two or three Germans, finally swallowing them altogether.

Tom had looked up to see one of the Krauts dazedly getting to his feet. He had staggered on for a few steps, stum-

bled, and fallen. Suddenly, he had snapped out of the fog that he appeared to be in, and limped for the safety of his own lines. As he had entered a clearing in plain view of Tom's buddies, they, upon seeing the enemy soldier, had sent a deadly hail of bullets which sank into his once staunch body.

As the bullets had struck home, he had straightened up from his crouching position with a lurch and then crumpled in a heap to the ground. When Tom had seen the German fall, he had not been sorry to see him on the parched, dusty earth. He had wearily climbed to his feet, certain that the threat of danger had passed. Everything had seemed quiet in the general vicinity except for the constant chattering in the background. Then, the silence of the moment had been shattered by a nearby explosion.

A stray German soldier had seen Tom get up and had thrown a grenade in his direction, before being picked off by the sharp bark of an American Browning rifle.

A big, muscular fellow, Tom had lain on his side while one corpsman had bandaged the shredded remains of his right leg, and another corpsman had worked on the twisted, gaping mouth of a wound which had bared the left leg to the bone.

When this task had been finished, a stretcher had been brought and Tom had been quickly but carefully placed on it and taken on a jeep over bumpy roads to a hospital behind the front lines.

What had happened after his arrival he couldn't remember. All he had known when he awoke from a deep stupor was that he could no longer feel a sensation where his strong, thick legs had once been.

A wave of horror had overcome him, a wave so great that he had passed into oblivion once again.

He had awakened hours later to find the bright, warm rays of the sun on his face and also in the other parts of the room, filling it with a much needed warmth and friendliness.

Tom had turned to look into the smiling face of a nurse. He had examined the attractive features of her pretty young

face and his eyes had finally come to rest on her spirited blue eyes.

He had known that he'd have to get satisfaction for the question which preyed on his mind. In a voice full of faint hope, Tom had asked what was the matter with his legs. The nurse had answered in a soft, mellow voice the exact words he had dreaded to hear.

"Amputated! But otherwise you are fine and will be leaving here in no time at all."

Tom had turned away from her. He had wondered if he dared go home now—now that he was different.

As his health had improved rapidly, Tom had been sent to a hospital in England. There he had been fitted for new legs, after many months of lying on his back. His right leg had been amputated at his thigh; and the left one, below his knee.

Tom had known he would have to be like all the others, so he could go home where he knew he belonged. Doggedly, day after day, Tom had tried to walk on his new legs, till one day he had been able to walk with the aid of a cane.

One day, as he had been slowly winding his way about the corridors, he had been confronted by a doctor who had told him he would be going home the following day.

It was then that a hard knot of fear had grown in his chest.

All these months of longing to go home and then he was afraid. Here he was sitting, fear welling up inside him, as the plane smoothly settled on the long concrete runway.

The steward threw open the doors, and Tom mechanically moved toward the open door.

As he paused in the doorway, his eyes met those of his mother and he now knew why he had come home.

He slowly walked down the ramp and into the waiting arms of his mother and father. Standing alone, a few steps behind his folks, with tears in her eyes, was Margie. He kissed his mother and dad and walked toward her.

Tom knew it didn't make any difference because it was he alone she loved.

That he knew, as he took her into his arms and gently kissed her.

Frank Andrews, '53

ORCHARD UNDER ICE

An ice storm left the orchard silver covered. Bare trees have turned to luminous gloss. Branches are crackling and on fire, seemingly kindled by the bright, cold sun.

The withered grass is now crystal excelsior, packing in rhinestone brilliance a priceless day. And the captured heart finds in itself no experience to compare with this beauty, no words to say.

It's awareness of beauty past believing. You might call it some heavenly indulgence that blessed the hard brown earth, full of grieving, and jeweled it with this divine splendor.

Elizabeth Mandry, 53

WHERE THE HEART IS

Young Robert Granger eased the horses to a halt, dismounted from the battered sulky plow, and removed their bits with his strong but gentle hands to give them the mouthful of grass and the rest that they had begged for by their refusal to start each new furrow.

He removed his frayed straw hat from his tousled blond hair, and wiped the sweat from his wide, browned forehead with one huge paw.

"Horses are alike," he mused bitterly, "always looking for some extra rest and grazing. And they have to work with no more luxuries than these until they are turned out to pasture, too old for the drudgery and responsibility of the heavy drag of the plow."

"I'm getting like that too," he reflected, with sudden a surge of anger.

"Well, by Jupiter, I'm not going to go through life like a horse. Getting just enough taste of fun to make me want more until the day when I'm no longer able to choke a living out of this lousy place."

"If I only could leave the farm!"

This thought had been in his mind since the day, six weeks before, when he and his father had turned old Nell, the bay mare with the age-whitened face, out

to pasture. He recalled how the old man had grinned as the ancient crow-bait had gathered her legs and frisked like a filly, as if to say, "I've worked for you all my life. Now you can support me!"

"Why shouldn't I leave the farm?" he thought. "Twenty-two years of this and all I have to show for it is the muscle in my arm."

"If I left this crummy place I could travel all around the country. I could work anywhere for as long as I wanted to. I could lead a heck of a life."

A crushing realization halted his dreams like a dog coming to the end of his chain. Who would take care of Mom and Dad? He knew they wouldn't want to leave the farm and live with his married sister in Philadelphia. The pride with which his father boasted of the farm having been in the Granger family for four generations, the hole in the wall made by an Iroquois bullet, the oaken stanchions, worn smooth by the necks of Granger Jerseys, long since dead—would his life of fun ever repay him for taking the old folks from the place where they had spent their lives, known their greatest joys, and, as the pine-needle carpeted graveyard in back of the house mutely testified, their greatest sorrows? Or was there one more greater and last sorrow for them to endure together?

A happier thought struck him. Maybe they would like the city after all. The excitement of the traffic and people might add years to the old folks' lives.

Thoughts of the cedar tree they had moved in from the hill goaded him. All its life it had lived in poor, thin soil, but it had lived. When they had planted it near the farmhouse in good rich loam in an effort to remove the log building's stark bleakness, it had shriveled up and died.

Darn all this foolishness! The old folks had lived all their lives the way they had wanted to. Now it was his turn to have his spree.

He had begun unhitching the trace of the nigh horse when he heard the stumbling sound of old, uncertain hooves.

Old Nell was standing at the pasture bars. The old mare gave a beseeching

whinny which seemed to beg him to hitch her up in harness again. Already she had grown tired of her longed-for "freedom." She would gladly swap her uninterrupted grazing for the mouthfuls of hay she used to snatch between cocks when she drew the rick. She would gladly swap her days of idleness for the pull of the heavy stone boat and the friendly slap on the shoulder that went with her nightly measure of oats.

Rob watched the old mare for a long time, pitying her for her uselessness. Then he refastened the harness, adjusted the bits, and climbed onto the seat.

As the dull plowshare bit into the rocky soil, a heavy cloud of dust enveloped man and team.

Had the horses understood English they would have known that the soft sounds he was emitting were the opening lyrics of "Home, Sweet Home."

Paul Donovan, '53

TIME STANDS STILL

His merciless eyes traveled searchingly across my stricken face. The atmosphere grew tense with apprehension as the moments became eternities and the hands of the clock seemed paralyzed. The agonized ticking of this mechanism which peered down seemed to mock me, knowing it held my fate in its hands. The room grew cold and bleak and the sunlight disappeared, only to leave a small electric light, shining like a beacon in a storm.

Suddenly it all began! I caught my breath as a dreaded, piercing sound filled my ears, numbing my senses.

A sudden jerk, a trickle of blood, and the worst was over.

My dentist had attempted drilling my tooth and decided it was better off out.

Dorothy Hoessler, '55

ESCAPE TO FREEDOM

... Five ... six ... seven ... eight ... nine ... ten rang the bells from a distant building, with their mellow chimes resounding over the quiet countryside. Ten o'clock and all was still save for the moaning of the wind through the trees and the chirping of the crickets. All was

still, and the only foreign sound heard was the pounding of a heart in a hopeful breast. There was no moon. Darkness as black as pitch enveloped the world behind the "Iron Curtain."

Crouched low under the shrubbery lay the forlorn figure of one who tonight was endeavoring to escape from behind the "Iron Curtain" into the land of freedom.

Hush! Were those footsteps in the distance? And wasn't that a light flickering through the branches? That thumping? Oh, it was only the poor thing's heart!

Suddenly, she slowly and cautiously poked her head out from under the bushes and looked warily around. Nobody in sight! Ah! 'Twas now or never! S-l-o-w-l-y she crawled out of her hiding place.

She took one step—nothing happened—another—and another—and—crack! Oh, that blankety-blank twig. Was that someone coming?

Drawing her breath in short, quick gasps and meanwhile keeping undercover of the trees, she crawled forward steadily, pausing now and then to make sure she wasn't being observed. Inch by inch she edged her way closer and closer to the fence. Now only that remained between her and freedom! Ah! Now to just s-q-u-e-e-z-e under the fence and . . .

"Fritzie! Oh, Fri-t-z-ie!" called my mother as with one final effort our dog, Fritzie, made for the garbage pails!

Helen S. Mooradkanian, '55

WILLIE LANGSFORD, EX-FIGHTER

As I approached the Stadium on my last night's leave, I unconsciously glanced up at the lights, noticing tonight's main event, Farsau vs. Bratton. It'll be a good fight, I decided, congratulating myself for coming. I decided to hang around outside as I always do, until a few minutes before the main feature.

The usual people were there. There were ex-fighters, comers, gamblers, and just plain fans. They all knew who'd win the welter-weight crown later that evening. Some knew why Bratton would win, how he would win, and the exact round in which he would throw the winning

punch. But the thing that impressed me most about these people was that no matter what the subject, they knew all about it. In the lobbies of the big sports arenas before a fight there is no thinking or guessing, just knowing.

As I looked around for the shortest line before the ticket windows, I was shoved abruptly into a big negro. It was on second inspection that I noticed he was blind, and wore around his neck a cardboard taken from a laundered shirt reading, "Willie Langsford, ex-fighter." His overcoat was gray and shabby, and his face, as I apologized, was expressionless. For some reason I felt sorry for this "Willie Langsford." The butterflies were in my stomach. "Really," I thought, "you are not that emotional, are you?"

Somehow or other this man, standing there peddling papers, meant something to me. His big hands hung boldly from massive arms and shoulders. I wondered if he was any good as a fighter. He had the build all right.

I bought my ticket, score-card, and seat cushion (equipped without which I find it difficult to enjoy a fight.) I entered the arena proper, unable to get Willie Langsford out of my mind. Somehow he meant something to me, but the solution to the mystery surrounding his identity remained unsolved.

Halfway through the rather dull and cautious fight, I decided I could wait no longer. I had to find out who that ex-fighter was. I left my seat and headed for the Concession Headquarters on the other side of the Stadium. Here I knew I could find out. There's nothing that goes on between the walls of a baseball park, sports arena, or fair grounds, that the vendors don't know about.

I stopped at an old soda-pop vendor's, bought a bottle of Mueller's, tipped him generously, and asked him if he knew the mystery man. His answer not only startled, but shocked me. He said, "I wouldn't swear to it, Major, but they say he's "Sammy Langsford."

I cursed myself for not realizing it sooner. Of course, who else could fit a description like that? The Boston-Strong-Boy. The negro most critics say was the

greatest fighter of the early part of the century. Nobody ever dared fight him. He weighed 165 and used to have to fight heavy-weights to get a bout. The Boston-Strong-Boy.

I made for the entrance where I had seen him. This was one fighter that I'd always wanted to meet, or even see. I almost knocked an usher over as I ripped through the door. I looked where I last saw him Gone I ran to the street Not in sight Before giving up I asked my vendor friend where he could be. But nobody knew.

That night I boarded a plane for Hawaii. To pass the time, I told a Catholic Chaplain sitting next to me my story. He replied, in astonishment, that Willie Langsford had died ten years ago.

Who then was the pathetic but majestic figure outside the Stadium? The question still puzzles me for he had the air of a champion about him.

Roberta Bamford, '55

THE WALLET

"Stop, stop in the name of the queen!" was the shout that echoed through the streets of London.

I ran frantically up the street into a dimly lighted alley and into a hallway. There I stopped and listened. I could hear the constables talking in bewildered voices for they didn't know where I had disappeared to.

I turned around to see where I was and found I was in the rear entrance to a large, old English-type house which seemed to be deserted. I figured this would be as good a place as any to hide. With a little effort, I managed to open the rusty lock. Suddenly a chill ran up my spine. Nevertheless, I opened the aged door which made enough noise to wake the dead.

The room within was very dark and dreary. As I searched for a candle, I stumbled upon a stairway. I debated with myself on whether I should or shouldn't go up it and, being of an adventurous nature, I started to climb. I must have been rather scared, for when I stepped on a loose board it gave up a squeak and I flew up the rest of the stairs.

When I reached the top of the staircase, I noticed a faint light at the end of the long hall and walked slowly but cautiously towards it, my fear growing with every step. When I finally reached the room from which the light was coming, I threw open the door and found, to my surprise, the light was coming from a street lamp.

I sat down to try to get hold of myself. "Why did I get myself into this predicament?" I thought. I was foolish to run away from the constables. After all I hadn't done anything wrong, but when I had seen them running towards me I had become frightened and begun to run, so here I was.

Just then I heard that unforgettable noise made by the opening of the door. Someone, but who?

I turned as white as a ghost. I could feel the goose-pimples growing with every sound each step made. I heard the mysterious caller walking towards the door. I became weak with fear as the handle turned and the door opened slowly. There stood a constable with a wallet in his hand. "I believe you dropped this, sir," he said. I sighed, took the wallet which was of no value, and started to walk away. As I walked I could hear him say, "And not even a word of thanks."

Robert Kahwajy, '55

SNEAK ATTACK

Korea is the playground of death, a land chosen by the gods of war as a testing place, a proving ground of battle between two forces, that of democracy and the grim force of world-wide Communism.

The little people who are affected by the tremendous upheaval all around them sometimes do not understand or care about the cause. All they understand is the result.

This is the way it was when a stray bomb fell on the home of the Santo family in Central Korea. It killed the mother and father and wounded the two sons, Koi and Lo.

The two brothers each had different thoughts. Koi believed the Communists were the ones to liberate Korea. But not Lo. He believed in the U. N. forces. The

two brothers, after a heated argument, decided to part and join the cause that each believed in and thought right.

Thus they parted, Koi to join the forces of the Communists and Lo to take his place in the ranks of the U. N. Each thought he was right and each was saddened by the parting they knew would be forever! From that time on they were mortal enemies.

The loud thunder of war rumbled on. There was not time now for sentiments and small thoughts. There was time now only for war!

The toughest and hardest fighter in that war was Lo, attached to the U. N. forces. Lo believed with all his heart and soul in the cause of the U. N. and he fought with all his body and brain for that cause.

Whenever a North Korean soldier was found dead, Lo feared it would be his brother.

One night while on guard duty at his machine gun, he sat in deep thought. No one knew the secret thoughts of Lo but they could have been about his brother.

Hours passed and all was quiet; too quiet. Nothing stirred. Lo's eyes grew heavy and his exhausted body sagged under the strain of days and hours of fighting—and he slept.

Out of the darkness came a figure creeping toward the sleeping form of Lo! He wore the uniform of the Red Army. The soldier awakened Lo and showed him the outlines of figures creeping toward the supply tent. He had no time to wonder about the person who had awakened him. He had a bigger job on hand.

He fired into the midst of the creeping figures with his machine gun. He killed all of them but one. This one was badly wounded and was dying fast. The wounded Red looked up at Lo and said, "Soldier, always stay awake. The battle is too big to waste time sleeping so the enemy can sneak up on you. You are on the right side. Those of your brothers who try to escape the yoke of the Reds cannot do it except like this." Then he quietly died.

Lo stood up and slowly walked away. There were tears in his eyes. The Red

soldier he had just killed was his brother, Koi.

Charles Harbolt, '53

NEW YEAR'S EVE PARADE

It was midnight on New Year's Eve. Bong! Bong! The clock struck twelve times. On the twelfth stroke, all the toys on the playroom shelf came alive.

"Bow-wow-wow!" was what the plaid gingham Scottie dog said.

"Baa-aa!" said the blue lamb. She began to lick herself all over, for someone had forgotten to dust her. Lick, lick, lick. Soon the flowers around her neck were clean and shiny again.

"Baa-aa!" She kicked up her heels and jumped across the desk to the iron horse paperweight.

"Ah!" said the horse, "this is the last night in the year. For one hour we can do exactly as we please. Shall we have a race like last year?"

"Oh, no," said the toy turtle. "You always win, so what's the use? Let's ask riddles."

"No, no," said the toy giraffe. "Too much like work. Let's have a parade."

"A parade! A parade!" shouted all the other toys. "Just the thing."

So the dolls lined up along the wall to watch—all but the dancing doll. She was going to ride the wooden horse. The toy clown was going to walk in the parade too, of course, and the tin soldier beat the march on his drum—tum tiddy-um, tum, tum.

Off they started. First came the plaid Scottie, the toy turtle, the stuffed elephant, and the toy clown. Then the wooden horse, with the dancing doll standing on one toe on his back. Roly-poly Panda rode the blue oilcloth giraffe. Teddy Bear had the boy's red wagon. The little blue lamb came last, jumping along and kicking up her heels.

"Hurrah!" called all the dolls, and they clapped their hands.

Just then, two little gray mice came peeping out from under the bookcase. They saw the toy parade, and their little black eyes twinkled.

"Let's get in the parade too," said the first little mouse.

"Yes, let's," said the second little mouse, and they scampered across the floor, their whiskers wiggling with excitement. They got in line after the blue lamb, playing leapfrog over each other's backs.

Suddenly, the lady doll saw them.

"Eee-ee-ee!" she screamed, and tried to climb up on the soldier doll's shoulders.

"Eee-ee-ee!" screamed the lady doll. "Run, run!"

All the toys and animals ran for their places as if something were after them.

Nobody knew what had happened, but the lady doll's screams were enough to scare them out of their wits.

The iron horse leaped back on the desk. The dolls jumped into bed and pulled the covers over their heads. The toy turtle, the stuffed elephant, the plaid Scottie, the panda, Teddy bear, and giraffe all scooted back to the playroom shelf.

But the blue lamb turned around to see who was following her. Just then the first little mouse leapfrogged over his brother and fell flat on his face. Then he turned a somersault, head over heels.

"Tee-hee-hee!" giggled the blue lamb. "Look! Look!"

Just then the clock struck one. Bong! At that minute, all the animals became toys again. They couldn't even wiggle a hair. The mice scampered off to the kitchen. The poor little blue lamb was left on the floor by herself.

Next morning the boy came and found her there.

"Little blue lamb," said Boy, as he picked her up, "How did you get on the floor? Did you go to a New Year's Eve party?"

The blue lamb didn't say a word, but there was a twinkle in her blue eyes as if she knew something very, very funny.

Ida Mammino, '55

PAINLESS PATRIOTISM

Paul and I were right at the front with the others. It is a very uneasy feeling when you know you may be the next one to die saving your America. You are taken away from your thoughts when Lieut. Illingsworth calls: "All right, everyone over here!"

I heard the planes and the sound of a few dozen guns, but I was quite used to it now.

"Come on, now," cried Illingsworth, "this is what we have been waiting for. I'm sure they are just below that hill. You men go in one party to fight them off."

He called out a few names of the men to go in that group but didn't mention Paul's or my name.

"What about us?" I asked. "You and Paul are going with Sergeant Green and me," answered Illingsworth. "Also, I haven't decided which one of you is the faster runner so as to go ahead of us," he said.

"Oh! I will," Paul quickly answered. He didn't actually realize just what he was getting into.

"Well, that's settled. Let's be on our way. Now, Paul, you are to go as far as you are able in those clumps of bushes. You know your instructions to signal and when to have the men fire. If anything goes wrong, signal us. Good luck, Paul," Illingsworth said.

We all wished him the best of luck. Then we were off on our important assignment.

Paul did very well the first ten minutes. He discovered a number of small armies moving up on us. Then he fell to the ground.

We were sure Paul was hurt but, as we started for him, he suddenly got up and shouted some crazy thing about the bullets getting too close for comfort. Paul had been our best explorer that afternoon. Then he fell abruptly to the earth again.

This time our luck had run out. Paul didn't get up a second time. When we neared him he acted insane. The poor fellow was in great pain.

"Well, hurry!" shouted Green, "Rush some blood up here. Well, what are you standing there for? Get going," Green said.

"I'm sorry, but we have no blood," I said. "We just used the last bit of blood on the fellow at the foot of the hill," I explained.

You should have seen the expressions

on their faces. It is a strange sight watching someone die before you, knowing he could have been saved.

This is just one example of the need for blood for the armed forces. I believe if you were all at the front fighting, you would gladly donate blood.

It is a very painless process and saves the lives of our fighting soldiers who are painfully wounded. Please stop at your local blood bank today.

Ann Nelson, '53

LATE AGAIN!

Young Rick Steavens was rudely awakened by the loud jangling of the alarm clock next to his bed. He reached out and whacked it, then lay for a minute thinking how nice and warm it was in bed and how cold it would be outside. But he didn't have any time to waste—it was four o'clock and he had to be on his way by five.

The early morning air was frigid and Rick shivered violently as he went about the routine of washing, dressing, and eating. He glanced out the window as he stood at the sink. The stars were still bright, but there was a faint glow of light in the east.

He hurriedly finished eating, put on his fur-lined jacket, and carefully opened the door so as not to wake anyone.

Then he stood there—alone, the first, it seemed, in this vast world of grayness. He felt so utterly small and insignificant in a huge expanse of nothing.

One by one the stars grew dimmer and dimmer until, at last, each one flickered out, leaving the sky cold and bare. The light in the east was gradually getting brighter and objects began to appear—a tree on the horizon, the barn, cattle grazing—until the whole landscape stood plainly visible.

Rick watched as the clouds hovering over the skyline gradually turned to grayish blue, pink, and then brazen gold and red. The color crept all over the clouds and reached farther and farther out to gild the entire eastern sky.

Then a sliver of red showed from behind the hill. It grew by the minute, until suddenly the great red sun slipped up

completely and started its day-long journey across the sky.

The earth bubbled with life; birds stretched their limbs and fluttered out, filling the air with song; the sea of green grass, saturated with dew, rippled in the breeze, sparkling like a bed of diamonds; the big rooster emerged from the hen house and crowed at the top of his lungs.

At this familiar sound, Rick remembered where he was and dashed down the path to the stables. As he hauled open the door he was greeted by a bedlam of nickers and whinnies. Every horse arched its neck to look at Rick and see if he was going to get his breakfast. The boy looked up at the rusty old alarm clock that hung in the room—five minutes of five!

He ran to the grain bins and measured out two quarts of oats, then to his brown mare, "Mamie," who caught his excitement and pranced nervously as her young master groomed her.

The horse had hardly finished her oats when Rick slung a saddle on her back and led her out into the corral. He watered her and pulled the cinch up two notches. There was smoke coming from the bunkhouse chimney which meant it was after 5:15. Another five minutes to run in the house and get his rifle and shells, and Rick was finally on his way to Lanny Mathews' place.

It was a good half-hour's ride, and both boy and horse were sweating when they reached Lanny's house at six o'clock. Lanny was waiting for them.

"Rickie! A half-hour late! You might know you'd stay in bed late!"

Jean Ingram, '53

MOTHER WAS RIGHT

This was it! No one was at home and all the equipment was set out.

"Was it?" Candy questioned herself. No, she had forgotten the dish pan, a most essential piece of her apparatus. She rechecked once more: scissors, mirror, comb, brush, colouring, dish pan, and her new dress. She had to have everything as handy as possible because, once she had started, she couldn't back out. In all her seventeen years of life, this day

surely would be the most dramatic. It even outdid chemistry.

Now to start. "Which would go better with my orchid dress?" she thought. "Jet? No, too dark. Red? No, it clashed. Blonde? Yes, it would have to be blonde!"

First, the shampoo. She washed her hair until it was squeaky clean, then rubbed until it was almost dry. Tying a towel around her shoulders, beauty parlor style, she sat herself before the large hall mirror.

"Bangs?" This idea was quickly discarded because she decided that her face was just too round for bangs. "Maybe a half-bang would be O. K.," she muttered half audibly. "Yes, that would be just right!"

Now the actual cutting took place. As Candy snipped busily, and the new Candy became more of a reality, a ring of soft auburn hair surrounded her chair and ringlets clung to her cape. But the vision of her new self spurred her on.

Soon her head felt peculiarly light, so she carefully surveyed herself in the glass. True, the shortness of the style was inclined to make her face even fuller, but this fault was completely unnoticed by Candy.

Scurrying around, she glanced at the clock and found to her dismay that she had only one hour. Her mother would be home a little after five. With all the material for the next step standing in formation before her, she heaved one sigh and plunged into her work.

She didn't look in the mirror, because she had seen it done on television enough to do it in her sleep. As she brushed, her mind was in a whirl. She would show that Judy Clark that she wasn't the only one who could acquire an entirely new personality!

By four-thirty, she felt she must be as blonde as sun-bleached sand, so she hurried to admire the result. What she saw made her stare in disbelief.

It seems that during all her premeditation, she had forgotten that she had neither the eyes nor the complexion of a real blonde. The result of her afternoon's work brought out this mistake.

Woefully setting her hair for her date

that evening, she wondered what Bill, her steady, would think about the transformation. She decided then and there, that Mother Nature had been right all along!

Jane Lewis, '53

GRANDMA'S MIDNIGHT VISIT TO THE MERRY-GO-ROUND

"Have you ever been to the Merry-Go-Round at midnight?" Grandma O'Hara questioned her three grandchildren, Eileen, Pat, and Mike.

"No," answered the children wonderingly. "Why?"

"Well, did I ever tell you of the time I visited the prancing, dancing horses of the merry-go-round, the night of the Blue Moon?"

"No, tell us grandma," came the answer with a chorus of "pleases."

"Well, my children," she went on, "the night was a cool, clear one, the same as any other summer night, and your grandmother, then a child, was peering through a hole in the old fence surrounding this new marvel, just to gaze upon it once more. Suddenly a bright light appeared and a beautiful fairy queen, dressed in soft, pure silks coated with glittering jewels, waved her magical wand and a strange act took place before her eyes. Immediately the still horses of the merry-go-round became real, live horses and, one by one, galloped off across the Land of Dreams, kicking up stardust all along the pathways of the skies."

Smiling sweetly at the three sleeping children she added, "and this happens every time there is a blue moon."

Joan Valliere, '55

THE BLIZZARD

We knew the weather forecast was for snow and sub-zero temperatures, but still we went on the hike.

The snow from the day before was still so dry that even with our bearpaws we sank deeply into the white dust.

The Alaskan sun went down early in this season and we knew that within a few hours, if we didn't return to our camp, it would become dark, meaning sure death for us.

Suddenly the black clouds overhead,

which seemed like a huge curtain, opened, and more of the white stuff descended on us. Accompanying it, a shrieking wind hurled the combination of sleet and snow into our faces. It was like having pieces of glass blown at us with a large fan.

Soon the snow drifted and piled up, sandwiched between rocks and brushwood. The strongest of boughs bent into submission under the weight of the snow.

We knew that anything from twenty-five to forty degrees below zero meant sub-zero temperatures up here. Our only hope of survival would be finding our shelter.

As impregnable to the cold as my antarctic parka and mittens were, my finger tips were numb and my body shivered from the unrelentless wind.

Then what seemed to be a large rock to the left of us turned out to be our hunting shack. As we entered it, we breathed a sigh of relief knowing that our torturous hike was finished.

Richard Buthmann, '53

SUSPENSE

As I walked briskly in the cool night air, I recollected the events of the day

I had just been released from Alcatraz Prison after spending 20 long years there on a grand larceny charge. But it was worth it, for the police hadn't recovered the money, and I clung tightly to the fifty grand that was wrapped in a nice little box under my arm.

Everything was running perfectly, just as I had planned, and I'd be on Easy Street except for one thing. If Hap Hyacith, my ex-partner, appeared, my carefully made plans would be futile.

As I continued down the desolate street, I sensed someone following me. Could it be Hyacith? I ducked down a dark alley in hopes of losing my pursuer, but my attempt was futile.

Suddenly I stood petrified, as I felt a revolver being stuck in my ribs and a gorilla-like voice demanding, "Okay Simpson, hand over that package like a nice boy. Where you're going you won't be needing fifty grand."

At that moment Mr. Latham, the director, interrupted, "Steve, if you don't use more expression in those lines, we'll never have this play ready in two weeks."

Edithanne Bamford, '54

GUESS WHO?

He is a member of the Junior Class, is 5 ft. 11 in. tall, and has blond hair. He came to us at the end of last year from Superior, Nebraska. His sense of humor and wonderful personality have undoubtedly won him many friends. A true athlete, he has proved to be an asset to both the football and basketball team.

Answer on Page 18



RECORD

FRESHMAN CLASS

This is a sketch of one of our popular freshman girls, Roberta Bamford. "Bobbie" attended the Bradstreet Grammar School. In the seventh and eighth grades, she was a member of the girls' softball team and helped win many victories.

At graduation from grammar school, Bobbie was presented with a locket inscribed, "In recognition for outstanding loyalty."

At Johnson, Bobbie has been our able Secretary-Treasurer. She also has a high scholastic standing.

M. M.

SOPHOMORE CLASS

Recently a new member has been added to our class—Mary Ann Bootman, who attended Lawrence High. She is taking the business course and enjoys sports. She has a pleasing personality and has become a friend to all who have come in contact with her. M. L.

JUNIOR CLASS

On January 16, a Junior Class meeting was called. The purpose of the meeting was to elect three members to the Junior-Senior Prom Committee.

Bob Lewis, president, asked for nominations and the candidates were voted upon. Those that were chosen to serve on this committee with our class officers, and the members chosen from the Junior Class were: Sandra Vose, Chuck Harbolt, and Fred Clark. S. S.

SENIOR CLASS

Senior Class ballots were distributed and voted upon. Seniors voted on white and gold as the colors for this year's graduating class.

All seniors have been making preparations to have graduation pictures taken.

At the last senior class meeting Christina Kane, Pat Smith, Dan Forgetta, George Knightly, George Schofield, and Joyce Hamilton were elected to serve on the Prom Committee. E. G.

AWARDS

The Senior Class and faculty have chosen Marian Bamford as the "Good Citizenship" representative of this school for the current year.

The Senior Class voted to dedicate their year book this year to Miss Neal.

The following pupils were awarded certificates in connection with the Community Chest Essay Contest:

Miss Detora	Miss Elander
Miss Duncan	Miss B. Thomson
Miss Saul	John Kilcourse
Miss Langlois	Miss Moschetto
Miss Corcoran	Miss Valliere
Robert Janusz	John Glennie
Miss M. Love	Miss Mellian

C. D.

GOOD GOVERNMENT DAY

George Knightly was elected to represent Johnson High at the Good Government Day exercises in Boston.

On March 14, George and the students selected from the various schools will take over the state government for the day. From the 400 students assembled, the various state officers, from governor down, will be selected by a drawing.

Good Government Day is an annual day observed throughout the state by proclamation of the General Court of the Commonwealth. D. D.

ASSEMBLY REPORT

On November 26, 1951, all the classes filed to the hall for an assembly program put on by Chief Nee-da-beh.

First on the program was an explanation of the chief's costume, which was a head-dress that weighed approximately thirty pounds. The chief is a "Woods Indian," and his family symbol is the spider.

The Chief demonstrated, with his horns, how to call crows, geese, and other animals.

Movies were shown of the Chief showing the correct way to fish. The Chief also demonstrated the proper technique of casting.

To conclude the program David Knightly and Chief Nee-da-beh performed a spectacular Indian dance.

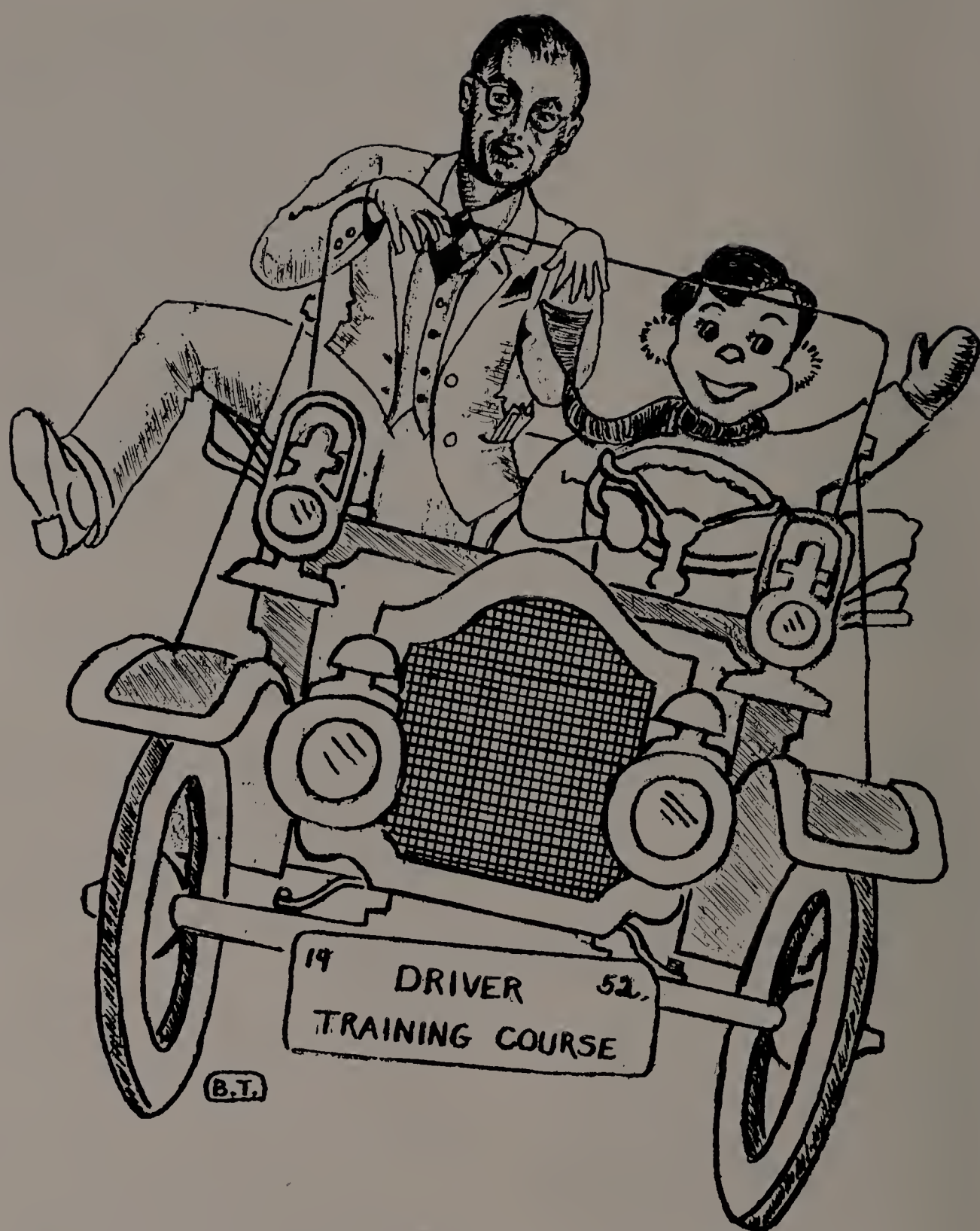
On December 17, 1951, an assembly was called for the fifth period for the presentation of the Driver Training Car.

Mr. Bert Hill, a representative of J. W. Robinson Co., presented us with the car for use in our training course. He also spoke on the good points of having such a course in high school.

Several other men spoke briefly on teaching the teenagers how to drive properly; these were Mr. Bonfanti, assistant to Rudolf King, and James Keefe, representative of the A. A. A. M. J. L.

RECESS ACTIVITIES

During the last semester we have received a new record machine and new records for our hall activities.





We would like to thank Helen Langlois for the donation of records she has made.

The recess activities have been conducted well under the supervision of the monitors. It is a pleasure for Mr. Hayes and the faculty to see the recess activities so well under control. We would like to thank you for your good behavior and hope it will continue that way in the future. D. L.

THE STUDENT COUNCIL ACTIVITIES

Carolyn Dushame, Betty Corcoran, Nancy Lawlor, and Sandra Vose gave reports of their trip to the Student Council convention. The trip was both enjoyable and educational.

At the second meeting of the Student Council the members voted to take up a collection for records. A new record machine was purchased and new records were bought by Bob Thomson.

The Student Council is also considering a possible honor study room. Plans are indefinite just now. D. L.

DISCUSSION CLUB

During the past weeks, this club has had many interesting discussions. These discussions have been composed of the problems of teen-age dope addicts and Universal Military Training. The club is planning to have a "Roving Reporter" type of discussion soon.

COMMERCIAL DESIGN CLUB

The Commercial Design Club has been taking up types of architecture. Each member has also drawn a scale model of what he would like to have in the new high school.

COMMERCIAL CLUB

A few weeks ago the Commercial Club had a speaker from the National Cash Register Co., who showed them the operation of a cash register and a movie on selling. At the last meeting, the girls conducted a panel discussion on savings accounts and personal checking accounts.

MODEL BUILDERS' CLUB

For the past three weeks, the boys in this club have been making scale models of boats, gas-model planes, cars and many other wooden figures. They have done a fine job of wood-carving.

CAMERA CLUB

The Camera Club has been discussing the methods of developing pictures and soon the members will start taking pictures to enter in the National High School Photo contest.

ART CLUB

The Art Club has been making scrapbooks for the Red Cross. It also made baskets for them at Christmas time.

BOOSTERS' CLUB

The Athletic Club has been enjoying basketball and dancing at its meetings. The members have split up the club period so that they enjoy dancing the first half and basketball the second half.

BLOCK PRINTING CLUB

The Block Printing Club began the year by making beautiful triptychs and was successful in completing them for use during the holidays. The madonnas were copies of famous ones; the designs were original. The triptychs, arranged with Christmas greens, were displayed in the school library. They created much interest and admiration. Miss Veva Chapman is the club sponsor.

DRAMATIC CLUB

The Dramatic Club had a very enjoyable Christmas party before school closed for vacation. Since, they have put on a play for the benefit of the club members. After the play, the members made helpful suggestions and criticisms of the play.

HOBBY CLUB

At each of the Hobby Club meetings, one of the members gives a talk on his or her hobby. The members have also enjoyed movies of sports. The last one

was about skiing. Miss Clara Chapman, club advisor, is very pleased with what the group has accomplished so far.

CHEFS' CLUB

Miss Neal is proud of the senior boys' work in the Chefs' Club. At the last meeting they prepared a dinner of hamburger patties, mashed potatoes, vegetables, and dessert. At the next club meeting, they plan to make a breakfast of bacon, eggs, and English muffins.

SEWING AND KNITTING CLUB

The Sewing and Knitting Club held a very enjoyable Christmas party before the school vacation. The club has been busy making various things such as skirts, pajamas, mittens, ear muffs, and stockings.

VICTORY DANCE

A public dance was held November 22, Thanksgiving night, to celebrate after the big game of the year.

Music was provided by George Emmons and dancing began at eight.

The teams and cheerleaders of both Punchard and Johnson were called up to the stage. Both cheering squads gave a few cheers from their selection. Captains Knightly and Shottes spoke briefly.

The dance ended at eleven. A good time was had by all. M. J. L.

FOOTBALL DANCE

The annual Football Dance was held this year on December 7. This is always one of the best attended dances of the year and the proceeds go to the team and cheerleaders.

George Emmons provided the music with George Sanford as disc-jockey.

M. J. L.

HONOR SOCIETY DANCE

On December 21, the Honor Society Dance was held. The hall was decorated with pine boughs and two lighted Christmas trees.

Hanging from crepe paper in the center of the room was a sprig of mistletoe. The dance was a success and the proceeds will go to the Honor Society. M. J. L.

YEAR BOOK DANCE

January 11, 1952, the first dance of the new year was held. It was a public dance, put on for the benefit of our year-book, "The Gobbler." The hall was decorated with a large drawing of the book, hung on the back wall, and other ornaments.

Music was provided by George Emmons and dancing started at 8:00 and ended at 11:00.

The dance was a great success.

M. J. L.

GUIDANCE OFFICE REPORT

On December 13, Mrs. Mildred Albert, fashion authority and commentator, gave a very interesting talk to the Senior and Junior girls.

Mrs. Albert, the efficient dean of Academie Moderne and co-director of Promotions, Inc., a model agency featuring the "Hart Girls," held the interest of all the girls in her informal speech on dress in which she stressed "Packaging Is Important."

J. L.

SENIOR CLASS of '51

The Senior Class of '51 are now believed to be working or continuing school in the following places:

— GIRLS —

College

Boyle, Mary	Lowell Teachers' College
Boeglin, Pauline	Lowell Teachers' College
Broderick, Jane	Merrimack College
Cristaldi, Carmelina	Boston University
Deighan, Barbara	Mass. School of Art
Gioco, Ann	Merrimack College
Hickey, Ann	Merrimack College
Gucciardi, Mary	Bryant & Stratton
Mahoney, Noranne	Lowell Teachers' College
Maynard, Mary Ann	Merrimack College
Nery, Joan	Merrimack College
Roche, Evelyn	Framingham Teachers' College
Terret, Marjorie	Boston University
Watts, Barbara	Wheaton College
Willet, Margaret	Pembroke College

Schools of Specialized Training	
Adler, Charlotte	Beverly Hospital
Foster, Shirley	McIntosh and working
Hamilton, Nancy	Wilson School
Jones, Doris	Winslow School and working
Kleiner, Marjorie	McIntosh School
Morin, Ruth	McIntosh School
Mandry, Helen	McIntosh School
Working	
Calder, Jean	Perfect Mending Co.
Connelly, Claire	Creston Mill
Driscoll, Ellen	Telephone Co.
Dubois, Geraldine	Creston Mill
Flockerzi, Barbara	General Electric
Gillespie, Joyce	Kresge's
Kelgin, Lorraine	Creston Mill
Klufts, Alsine	Vermont Store
Lynch, Kathleen	Waitress in Florida
Mattheson,Charlotte	In Ohio—Bank
Rose, Catherine	Lozelle Shop (Office)
Seymour, Martha	Nevins Auto Co.
Stead, June	Stevens Mill
Weingart, Betty	Creston Mill
At Home	
Curley, Noreen	
In Service	
Marrs, Adeline	WAFS

— BOYS —	
College	
Banks, Robert	Northeastern
Banks, Richard	Northeastern
Galvagna, Anthony	M. I. T.
Marland, Fred	Union College
Scheipers, Clarence	Univ. of Michigan
Taylor, Paul	Suffolk University
Harvey, Richard	Norwich University
Schools of Specialized Training	
Camf, Roger	Haverhill Trade
Stewart, Gerald	Bentley's (Nights)
Zuill, John	Lowell Tech.
Working	
Driscoll, Paul	Bricklayer
Hanson, Richard	Stevens Mill
Rodger, Allan	Bay State Merchants
Seyfferth, Albin	Brockleman's
Snell, Calvin	Taxi Driver
Spedding, Thomas	Duke's Store (Lowell Tech. Nights)
Stewart, Robert	Smith's Motor Co.
Gravel, Gerald	Sutherland's
Heaton, Norman	Haverhill Shoe Co.
In Service	
Doherty, Dale	USAF
Dolan, George	Navy
Lumb, Walter	Army
Saul, Edward	Navy

ANSWER TO GUESS WHO?
Chuck Harbolt



SPORTS

GIRLS' SPORTS

Johnson and Methuen renewed their annual basketball game date Jan. 15th. Methuen was acclaimed the victor of a very thrilling and exciting game between the second teams. Jean Ingram and Edith Bamford led the Johnson attack with six points each. Joan Kilton sank in five points, followed by Joan Stoessel with four points and Janet Nichol with two points.

The first team was outplayed and outmaneuvered by the easy "Cousy Style" shooting of Peggy Devine who scored 38 points.

Mary Lou Duffy led the Red and Black attack with eleven points. Betty Corcoran followed with five, Janet Nichols with four, and Joanne Greene and Edie Bamford with two points.

Guards on both teams played very well.

J. G.

BOYS' SPORTS

The Johnson High School basketball season officially started with the alumni game. Johnson was victorious over the Alumni. At the final whistle the score was Johnson 34, Grads 23. The high scorer was George Schofield who hooped 16 points for Johnson.

On Jan. 4, the Johnson five traveled to Andover to clash with its rival, Punchard, for the first of the Little Three Suburban Championships. Though Johnson fought doggedly to out-score its rival in the second period, at the half, Punchard was still solidly in the driver's seat at 21-13. The final score was Johnson 25, Punchard 48. Alexander was high man for Johnson with 13 points.

The preliminary game between the Jayvees' teams of both schools was far more exciting scorewise than the featured game, but Punchard again won by a score of 35 to 32. Cushing was high scorer for Johnson with 9 points. Johnson put up a tough battle all during the game.

Johnson was burdened with another defeat on Jan. 8, when she met Saugus on the Saugus High court. The featured game was a tight squeeze all during the contest. At half time the Black and Red five prevailed with a slim 18-17 advantage, but they failed to follow through on several occasions when it might have

clinched the game. The final score was 40-38. Top scorer was Beaudoin with 14 points.

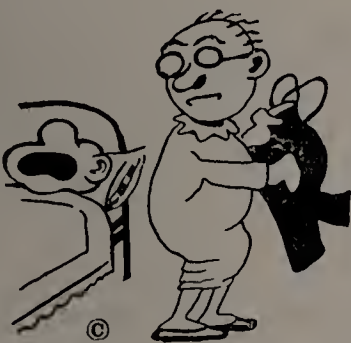
In the opener, the Johnson Jayvees came back with a bang, after trailing in the first half 13-4; but then, as they started looping them in, that inevitable stop watch fulfilled its purpose. The final score was Saugus Jayvees 22—Black and Red 20. High man was Johnson's Carlo Giribaldi with 11 points.

For the third time Johnson's five experienced that bitter taste of defeat on Jan. 19, when they met Methuen. The score was 37-37 in the last few minutes of the game. Giribaldi held the crowd in tense suspense until he sank the foul shot. Then Johnson was ahead by a one point margin, but Methuen had the ball and in spite of all our efforts won by one point. The score was 39-38. High man was Beaudoin with 12 of the 38 points.

The Jayvees game was also tense with excitement, but Johnson stayed in the rut. The score was Methuen 37—Johnson 34. Giribaldi and Kennedy were Johnson's high men with eight points each.

There are still some more games to play before the season ends, but though Johnson may not always win, she can always be proud of each and every game because of her fine sportsmanship.

R. K.



EXCHANGES

The Archon, Governor Dummer Academy, South Byfield, Mass. *The Archon* has a wonderful collection of its sports happenings which consist of "play by play" descriptions of football, soccer, and basketball games.

* * * * *

The Aegis, Beverly High School, Beverly, Mass. Congratulations to a staff

which edits a compact, well-written magazine whose cover designs are clever and original. Thanks go to Cynthia Tucker for her suggestion to interview captains, coaches, and team members for sports features. It may come in very handy.

* * * * *

Chanticleer, Weston High School, Weston, Mass. I particularly enjoyed reading

the poem by Linda Lee Anderson entitled: "Seen Through the Eyes of a Korean." This is a heart-rending tale of the war in Korea as seen through the eyes of one of its people, and of his faith in America's assistance. Members of your art department should be congratulated for their work on the November cover.

* * * * *

Tatler, Nashua, New Hampshire. I liked your idea of the brief reports on the

new and interesting books that some students have read and others may have to read. I hope your readers will take advantage of these excellent reports and head for the library.

* * * * *

Blue and White, Methuen, Mass. Your literary department is excellent. The stories are clever and amusing. Glad you liked Florence and Dana's contributions to our *Journal* last year.



HUMOR

We dedicate the following to our student drivers:

Gone, oh, quite
Is X. L. Scott;
He was tight;
His brakes were not.

For Oscar Barr
Please shed a tear;
He cranked his car—
'Twas still in gear.

Here lies the body of William Jay,
Who died maintaining his right of way;
He was right, dead right, as he sped along,
But he's just as dead as if he'd been wrong.

"Come on, we can get several more in."
So, invited, they start to pour in.
There were four in the front—it's a pretty good stunt,
But the odds against life go soarin'!

There was a young gal who insisted
Her duty when driving consisted
Of scaring the rider who sat there beside her—
Her viewpoint and the car are both twisted.

Convinced of his driving abilities,
He doesn't use all his facilities.
And because of this charmer—this speeding one-armed—
Our deaths become grim probabilities.

She dares other drivers to race her
To show off the speed of her "pacer."
She's right, it is faster—to sudden disaster,
The least of mishaps will erase her.

He thought he could stop in a fraction,
So he'd speed and then test his reaction.
But it wasn't too long, 'till he found he was wrong
And his victim is now out of action.

He dreams of a date with his dolly,
But dreaming while driving is folly.
Pedestrians scatter and auto horns clatter
As blindly he heads for a trolley.

Here lies the body of old Jim Lake—
Tread softly, all who pass.
He thought his foot was on the brake,
But, gosh, it was on the gas.

—————
We are indebted to recent publications for our jokes.

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